

# The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.  
8d. Stamped.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Last Night of the Subscription.  
"IL FLAUTO MAGICO." THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 14th, will be presented MOZART'S Grand Romantic Opera,  
IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. FAREWELL PERFORMANCES AT REDUCED PRICES.

MR. MAPLESON begs to announce that at the close of the regular Opera Season, and in compliance with annual custom, a Short Series of FAREWELL PERFORMANCES will be given at Reduced Prices, commencing on Tuesday next, the 17th of July. The departure of the distinguished Artists to fulfil their Continental Engagements must necessarily limit the number of representations.

Mr. Mapleson trusts to obtain the support usually accorded by his patrons, the general public, and visitors to the metropolis. The Pit has been considerably enlarged for the general convenience. The repertoire will consist of the most favourite operas given with so much success during the present season; also of several classic works of the great masters, which are only presented (in this country) at her Majesty's Theatre. The operas will be given on the same scale of magnificence as during the subscription season. The usual restrictions with regard to evening dress will not be enforced.

The revival of Verdi's "Ernani" having been received on the occasion of its first performance with such extraordinary enthusiasm, that popular opera will be repeated on Tuesday Next, the 17th inst.

### Madlle. Titiens.

TUESDAY, July 17th, Verdi's Opera, ERNANI. Ernani, Signor Tassca (his second appearance in that character); Carlo Quinto, Mr. Santley; Don Ruy Gomez da Silva, Signor Gassier; Ricardo, Signor Capello; Juanna, Madame Tagliafico; and Elvira by Madlle. Titiens. Conductor—Signor ARDITI. To conclude (conducted by M. Fetti) with a Ballet Divertissement. M. Mege, Madlles. Pancaldi, Diani, Borelli, Rouquet, Marie, Rigi, Dalias, A. Rouquet, Rossi, and Bruno, and the Corps de Ballet.

### Madlle. Ilma de Murska.

WEDNESDAY, July 18th, Meyerbeer's Opera, DINORAH. Corentino, Signor Bettini; Hoel, Mr. Santley; Un Cacciatore, Signor Bossi; Un Maitre, Signor Stagno; Primo Capraio, Madlle. Sinico; Secondo Capraio, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Primo Contadina, Madlle. Bauermeister; Seconda Contadina, Madame Tagliafico; and Dinorah by Madlle. Ilma de Murska.

### "Les Huguenots."

THURSDAY, July 19th, Meyerbeer's chef-d'œuvre, LES HUGUENOTS. Valentina, Madlle. Titiens; Margherita di Valois, Madlle. Ilma de Murska; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Il Conte di Nevers, Mr. Santley; Il Conte di San Bris, Signor Gassier; Bois-Rois, Signor Stagno; Marcello, Signor Foll; Raoul di Nangis, Signor Tassca (his first appearance in that character). Conductor—Signor ARDITI. Incidental Ballet.

### Madlle. Titiens.

SATURDAY, July 21st, Rossini's Opera, SEMIRAMIDE. Assur, Signor Gassier; Oro, Signor Foll; Idreno, Signor Stagno; L'Ombra di Nino, Signor Casaboni; Arsace, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide by Madlle. Titiens. Conductor—Signor ARDITI. After which, a Ballet Divertissement. M. Mege; Madlles. Pancaldi, Diani, Borelli, Rouquet, Marie, Rigi, Dalias, A. Rouquet, Rossi, and Bruno, and the Corps de Ballet.

### Week After Next.

GRAND EVENING PERFORMANCES will be given on Monday, July 23rd; Tuesday, July 24th; Wednesday, July 25th; Thursday, July 26th; and Saturday, July 28th.

### "Il Don Giovanni."

MONDAY, July 23rd, Mozart's chef-d'œuvre, IL DON GIOVANNI. Don Giovanni, Mr. Santley; Don Ottavio, Signor Bettini; Masetto, Signor Gassier; Leporello, Signor Bossi; Donna Elvira, Madlle. Ilma de Murska (for this time only); Zerlina, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Donna Anna, Madlle. Titiens. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

### GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE.

### "Les Huguenots."

NOTICE.—In consequence of the disappointment experienced by many parties having been unable to obtain places at the recent Morning Performance of LES HUGUENOTS, a SECOND, and most positively the LAST, PERFORMANCE of that Opera will be given on FRIDAY, July 27th.

Doors open at Half-past Seven o'clock. Commence at Eight precisely.

Prices.—Grand-tier Boxes, 24 4s.; Pit Boxes, 23 2s.; One-pair Boxes, 23 12s. 6d.; Two-pair, 22 2s.; Half Circle, 21 1s.; Gallery Boxes, 10s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Dress-circle Seats, 7s.; Upper-circle Seats, 6s.; Pit, 5s.; Gallery Stalls, 4s.; Gallery, 2s. Restrictions to evening dress not enforced. Boxes, stalls, and places may be secured at the Box-office of the Theatre (two doors from Pall Mall), which is open daily, under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent, from ten to seven. Places may also be secured by telegram (or by letter, remitting the price of the desired location, according to the published price), addressed to Mr. Nugent, "Box-office, Her Majesty's Theatre," to whom post-office order must be made payable. Tickets also of the principal Librarians and Musiciansellers.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

LAST WEEK BUT TWO OF THE SEASON.

THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 14th, will be produced L. and F. Ricci's Comic Opera, entitled

### CRISPINO E LA COMARE.

Annetta, Madlle. ADELINA PATTI (her First Appearance in that character); La Comare, Madlle. Vestri; Contino dei Fiore, Signor Fancelli; Fabrizio, Signor Capponi; Mirabolano, Signor Ciampi; Don Asdrubale, Signor Fallar; Bortolo, Signor Rossi; and Crispino, Signor Ronconi (his First Appearance in that character). Conductor, Mr. Coera.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE SEASON.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

### EXTRA NIGHT.

On MONDAY NEXT, July 16, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, L'AFRICAIN (being the Last Time it can be performed this Season). Madlle. Pauline Lucas, Madame L. Sherrington, Signori Graziani, Altri, Polonini, Capponi, Tagliafico and Naudin.

On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock.

On TUESDAY NEXT, July 17 (for the Second Time), L. and F. Ricci's Comic Opera, CRISPINO E LA COMARE. (Cast as above.)

On WEDNESDAY NEXT, July 18, Madlle. ADELINA PATTI'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT. To commence at Three o'clock.

### EXTRA NIGHT.

On THURSDAY NEXT, July 19, the Performances will be for the BENEFIT of Madlle. PAULINE LUCCA, full particulars of which will be duly announced.

### EXTRA NIGHT.

On FRIDAY NEXT, July 20, (for the Last Time this Season) Rossini's Opera, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Madlle. Adeline Patti, Signori Ronconi, Ciampi, Tagliafico and Mario.

On WEDNESDAY, July 26, Madlle. ADELINA PATTI'S ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place, on which occasion will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, L'ETOILE DU NORD. Caterina, Madlle. Adeline Patti.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—"FLUSHED WITH SUCCESS."

ATTRACTIONS REDOUBLED.—ADDITIONAL NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY TO THURSDAY.—ETHARDO. His daring ascent of the Spiral Mountain astonishes all who witness it.

MONDAY.—EXCURSIONS OF LONDON UNITED OD FELLOWS and other Societies.

TUESDAY.—THE GREAT ILLUMINATION OF FOUNTAINS, GRAND FIREWORKS, MAGNESIUM BALLOONS, and the astounding FIERY COMETS—a truly wonderful display.

WEDNESDAY.—GREAT BALLAD CONCERT. Madame GRISI, Madame PARFA, Miss EDMONDS, Mr. SHERREY, Mr. WISE, Mr. SARTLEY, Cornet, Mr. LEVY. Nearly 50,000 Visitors at the last Three Concerts. No wonder, with such singers, and with such a popular selection of songs, without extra charge. One Shilling only.

THURSDAY.—ALL THE GREAT FOUNTAINS, ETHARDO and other attractions.

FRIDAY.—Quiet day (see Advertisements later in the week).

SATURDAY.—Last Grand Opera CONCERT of the series.

Admission free by Guinea Season Ticket. Buy July ticket. Tuesday and Saturday, Five Shillings; other days, One Shilling; Children, Half-price.

NOTE.—Now is the time to arrange Excursions from all parts. SCHOOLS, LARGES FIRMS, the GRAY MANUFACTURING TOWNS, CLUBS, BENEFIT SOCIETIES, &c., &c., may learn terms by applying to the Secretary of the Crystal Palace.

THE PALACE OF THE PEOPLE'S PLEASURES.

## HERR ENGEL.

HERR ENGEL having recovered from his severe indisposition, has resumed his professional duties. All communications respecting Concerts, Soirées, Lessons on the Harmonium, &c., Herr Engel requests, may be addressed to him at Messrs. Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street.

## UNDER ROYAL AND DISTINGUISHED VOLUNTEER PATRONAGE. WIMBLEDON PARK HOUSE.

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## MADLE. EMILIE AND CONSTANCE GEORGI'S

THIRD AND LAST MATINEE MUSICALE this Season, FRIDAY, July 20th.

To commence at Three o'clock. Assisted by eminent Artists. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be obtained of the Madlles. Georgi, 16, Harley Street, and of the principal Musiciansellers.

**MADAME LIEBHART** will sing **GUGLIELMO's** Popular Song, "The lover and the bird," at Margate, **THIS EVENING**, July 14th.

**MADAME LAURA BAXTER** will sing **GUGLIELMO's** New Ballad, "Beneath the oak," (composed expressly for her) for the first time, at Sussex Hall, on the 19th inst.

**MR. GEORGE PERREN** will sing **Ascher's** Popular Song, "Alice, where art thou," at Harrogate, July 20th.

**MR. CHARLES HALL** (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 199, Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in **VOCAL MUSIC**, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

**MR. KING HALL** having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications, respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmony and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Soirées, be sent to his residence, No. 199, Euston Road, N.W.

**WILLIE PAPE** will be absent on a **TOUR** through France and Spain during the months of June and July. Communications will be forwarded by Messrs. **KIRKMAN and SON**.

**MISS ANNA HILES, MR. GEORGE PERREN** and **MR. WEISS** will sing **Randegger's** Popular Trio, "I Naviganti" (the Mariners), at Scarborough, July 21st.

**MISS KATE GORDON** will play **Ascher's** Popular Romance, "ALICE," at Mrs. Merest's Soirée, July 19th.

**MADEMOISELLE LINAS MARTORELLI**.—All communications to be addressed to her, care of Messrs. **Duncan Davison and Co.**, 244, Regent Street.

#### MISS BERRY GREENING.

**MISS BERRY GREENING** requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. **Duncan Davison**, 244, Regent Street, London, W.

**NEW ROYALTY THEATRE**.—**MISS KATE RANOE'S** FIRST BENEFIT, Wednesday, July 18th, on which occasion she will play the part of "Josephine" in "The Child of the Regiment." **F. C. BURNAND**, Esq., the celebrated author of *Ixion, Paris, &c.*, will play the part of *Ulysses* in his popular Burlesque, "Patient Penelope." To conclude with a laughable Farce. Performance commences at Half-past Seven. Tickets to be had of Messrs. **Mitchell, Bubb, Lacon and Ollier, Chappell, and Sams**. Doors open at Seven.

**MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE** will sing at **Richmond** the 16th, Collard's Rooms the 19th, and at **Ironmonger's Hall** the 26th. Letters, respecting Oratorios, Concerts, etc., to be addressed to 15, Park Crescent, Stockwell, S.

**MADEMOISELLE ADELINA PATTI** has the honour to announce that she will give a **GRAND MORNING CONCERT** at the **ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN**, on **WEDNESDAY NEXT**, July 18, 1866 (postponed from Wednesday, July 4), on which occasion she will be assisted by all the great artists of the establishment. Conductor, **MR. BERNARDI**. To commence at Three o'clock.

Orchestra Stalls, 15s.; Pit Boxes (for Four Persons), £3 2s.; Grand Tier Boxes, £3 3s.; First Tier Boxes, £2 2s.; Second Tier Boxes, £1 1s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (Two First Rows), 7s.; ditto (other rows), 5s.; Pit Tickets, 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be secured at the Box-office under the Portico of the Theatre, and of the principal Music-sellers and Librarians.

**ST. JAMES'S MINOR HALL**.—**MADLE. THERESA CARRENO**, the celebrated **Venezuelan** Pianista, will have the honour to give a **MATINEE MUSICALE**, under Distinguished Patronage, at the above Room, on **Monday, 23rd July**, at Three o'clock.

Stalls, 21s.; Unreserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Tickets and Programmes may be had of Messrs. **Chappell & Co.**, 50, New Bond Street; **J. Blagrove** (Dewar & Co.), 52, New Bond Street; **Lacon & Ollier**, 168, New Bond Street; of the principal Music-sellers; and of **Madle. Carreno**, at her residence, 2, Montague Street, Russell Square.

#### ORGANIST WANTED.

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**NEW BALLADS**.—"MY FAIRY." Words by **E. FITZGERALD**, Esq.; Music by **MARIA B. MEREST**. Dedicated (by permission) to the Princess Mary Adelaide. Suitable for all voices. Sung by Mrs. Merest at her last Concert, and enthusiastically encored. "FAREWELL, IT WAS ONLY A DREAM." Words by **JOHN ROBERTSON**, Esq.; Music by **MARIA B. MEREST**. Dedicated to the Duchess of Cambridge. Published by, and may be had of **HAWES, 7, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London**, where Mrs. Merest's terms for Pupils and Concert Engagements may be known.

#### SIMS REEVES.

**THE MESSAGE**, for the Pianoforte, 4s. **THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE**, for ditto, 3s. These popular songs, sung by **SIMS REEVES**, arranged as brilliant pianoforte pieces by the composer, **BLUMENTHAL**, are published by **DUNCAN DAVISON**, 244, Regent Street.

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FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

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"THE BEREAVED ONE,"

"BENEATH THE OAK."

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Just Published,

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Song, Composed by

**F. POOLE.**

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FOR THE PIANOFORTE,

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## FELIX-MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.\*

(Continued from page 424.)

The second instance dates from the year 1843. At the beginning of February, in that year, Hector Berlioz came to Leipsic from Weimar. Feeling that his views differed fundamentally from those entertained by Mendelssohn, he feared he should not meet with a particularly warm reception from the latter. Chelard in Weimar, however, encouraged him to write to Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn's reply was as follows: "Dear Berlioz, I thank you most cordially for your charming letter, and for still remembering our friendship at Rome. This I shall never forget as long as I live, and I am delighted that I shall soon enjoy the opportunity of telling you so verbally. All that lies in my power to render your stay in Leipsic happy and agreeable, I will do with pleasure, and as a duty. I think I may assure you that you will be contented with the town, that is: with the musicians and the public." Here follow some details as to the material arrangements necessary for a concert. "I therefore require you to come here as soon as you have left Weimar. I am delighted at being able to offer you my hand and bid you 'welcome to Germany.' Do not laugh at my bad French, as you used to do in Rome, but remain my friend as you then were, while I shall always remain your devoted, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy."†

Berlioz arrived at Leipsic just in time to hear the grand rehearsal of the *Walpurgisnacht*, a work which struck him as a masterpiece. He reminded Mendelssohn of their residence in Rome, and of their adventure at the baths of Caracallas (when Berlioz had joked Mendelssohn rather frivolously about his belief in immortality, retribution after death, Providence, &c.), concluding by a request that Mendelssohn would give him his conductor's stick, which Mendelssohn very willingly did, on condition that Berlioz gave him his in return. Though Mendelssohn was assuredly rather worn-out by the recent rehearsals, and the performance, the day after, of the *Walpurgisnacht*, he assisted Berlioz on the immediately ensuing days to organise his concert, behaving towards him, to employ Berlioz's own expression, like a brother.—One of the most beautiful and, at the same time, for the musician, enjoyable acts of homage that Mendelssohn ever paid a master of cognate mind, was a *Soirée* got up on the 25th June, 1846, in honour of the respected Spohr. The only music he had performed was a most admirable selection from Spohr's own works: Overture to *Faust*; air from *Jessonda*; Violin Concerto in E minor (played by Joachim); two Songs with Clarinet Accompaniment; and *Die Weihe der Töne*. It must, indeed, have been a great treat for Spohr to hear his works so perfectly played and so conducted. It was a pleasing thing to see the two great masters thus brought together. At last, Spohr himself ascended into the orchestra, and, to show the performers how delighted he was, himself conducted, with all the fire of youth, the last two movements of the Symphony.

That which rendered Mendelssohn's sphere of artistic action so comprehensive was the fact that three gifts, usually found only separately, were combined in him in all their perfection. He was equally great as a conductor, as a virtuoso, and as a composer. His talent for conducting has at present become world-renowned. Directly his delicate, steady hand grasped the conducting-stick, the electric fire of his own disposition seemed to be conveyed into it, and from it to be transmitted to the orchestra, singers, *dilettanti*, and public. We often expected to see the luminous tuft of the Dioscuri burst forth from the magic wand by the powerful influence of which even persons of a most phlegmatic disposition were carried away. Mendelssohn did not, however, conduct with this staff alone, but, as it were, with his whole body. When he first ascended to the conductor's desk, his face always wore a solemn and serious expression. It was evident that the service of Art was, in his estimation, something sacred. As soon, however, as he had beaten the first bar, his handsome features were lighted up by a peculiar kind of animation; the noble play of his looks accompanied the music

throughout, and the effects to be produced were often legible in them beforehand. He accompanied the *fortes* and the *crescendos* with as peculiarly energetic facial expression, and with lively oscillation of the body, while for the *decrescendos* and *pianos* he would frequently raise both hands soothingly, and then allow them slowly to fall. He nodded to those musicians who were at a distance when they should begin, and marked by a very curious movement of the hand when their turn came to pause, as if he meant: "Away with it!" If a musician were unpunctual and did not come at the proper time, he would be very angry. Thanks to his indescribably delicate ear, he could distinguish, even amid the greatest masses of sound, a single false note on the part of an instrumentalist or of a singer. He not only heard it, too, but knew, whence it proceeded. Thus, at one of the last grand performances which he conducted, and while about three hundred singers and above two hundred instrumentalists were all singing and playing, he turned to a young lady who was singing not far from him, and said, very kindly: "F, my dear young lady, not F sharp." For singers, male and female, his rehearsals were always a source of enjoyment. There was invariably something inspiring about his praise, while his blame never quite discouraged. He possessed the talent of inciting the idle and negligent, and keeping those who were tired in good humour by all kinds of witty remarks, and good-natured jokes scattered here and there. But when anyone was repeatedly and purposely inattentive, even Mendelssohn could lose all patience, though he was never absolutely rude; for this he was too well-bred and possessed too much innate grace; he was, at most, sarcastic. "Ladies and gentlemen," he remarked on one occasion, to some persons who continued conversing, after he had given the signal to commence; "I am very willing to believe you have a great deal to say to each other; but I must beg of you to settle your little matters out-of-doors; here we want to sing." This was the strongest remark I ever heard from his lips. He was most charming when praising the ladies. "Really, ladies," he would say, if a chorus went tolerably well the first time it was tried, "exceedingly good; for the first time, very good; but for that very reason let us go through it immediately once again." At this, the whole chorus would generally indulge in a good-humoured laugh, and then sing with twice as much enthusiasm as before. He never allowed anyone to rest upon the notes, not even at the close of a chorus, longer than he ought, according to the written directions. "Why do you rest so long on this tone, gentlemen; there is only a crotchet marked; away with it!" All dragging of the time was equally repugnant to him. "Ladies and gentlemen," he once said in one of the vocal "*Kränzen*" already mentioned, "just recollect one thing, even when singing at home; never sing a song so to send anyone off to sleep; no, not even a cradle-song." It was impossible to sing the *piani* softly enough for him. If the chorus remained half-way, at a *mezzo-piano*, he would cry out, as if attacked by bodily pain: "*Piano, piano*, I do not hear any *piano*!" At the performance, the effect produced was very great, the immense chorus, when it came to the proper passages, dying away, as it were, into a whisper. Mendelssohn's indefatigable powers of endurance at these rehearsals were certainly the more wonderful, the more delicate his frame, the more refined and sensitive his ear, and the more absolute the perfection in which every work of art floated before his soul.

Mendelssohn's virtuosity was no mere juggle, no mere enormous digital dexterity, existing only thanks to the tinsel-like splendour of shakes, chromatic runs and octave passages, but that whence the word is derived: *virtus*, genuine manly virtue; a perseverance overcoming all difficulties, not, however, for the sake of making musical noise, but of producing music, of realising in a finished manner the spirit of valuable compositions belonging to the most various periods of the art. The mechanical excellences of his playing were a highly elastic touch, an admirable shake, and, generally, elegance, fullness, certainty, perfect clearness, strength and tenderness, each in its proper place. But his greatest superiority consisted in his completely preserving, as Goethe was the first to hint, the character of every piece he played, from those of Bach's time down to his own productions, and, with all truthfulness and reverence where the older masters were concerned, in his understanding the secret of concealing what was really antiquated, partly by his tasteful style as well as by the clever cadences he introduced, and, partly by decking it out in new charms. The compositions which he best liked to play were

\* "A Memorial for His Friends." By W. A. LAMPADIOUS. Translated expressly for *The Musical World* by J. V. BRIDGMAN. (Reproduction interdicted.)

† This letter is extracted from Berlioz's account of his musical journey. The account contains, also, some highly interesting notices concerning Mendelssohn's sojourn in Rome, and a very just and appreciative estimate of musical matters in Leipsic.



Beethoven's; he rendered them more beautifully than aught else, especially the *adagios*, which he executed in the most captivating and melting manner, with indescribable tenderness and fervour. Just as when he was drilling the choruses, so, also, when he was playing on his grand piano, the *piano* was, paradox though it may appear, always his forte, and no one as yet has ever surpassed, or even equalled him in it. His skill upon the viola (tenor) has already been mentioned. He possessed a pleasing, although weak, tenor voice, which he used, however, only now and then, when conducting the chorus rehearsals, or superintending the trial of a vocal solo, to give a tonal figure, or an interval, or, at the most, once when he was in an especially joyous mood, to sing a short recitative preceding the chorus.

To go further into details concerning Mendelssohn as a composer is scarcely necessary, as we have discussed the merits of almost everyone of his works, when giving the history of its origin. Besides, the works speak for themselves, and, were such not the case, all arguments about them would be worth nothing. But, Heaven be thanked they require no more praise, and no more defence; even the most daring criticism has by this time bowed down before their grandeur; the power of public opinion bids antagonism be silent. Anything that so universally pleases and moves, must be beautiful, must be true. What is it, however, that renders Mendelssohn's muse musical? In the first place, and above aught else, his pure and noble aspirations, which were directed to the highest aims, and, to quote what Kellstab lately said, as strikingly as beautifully, never bent down before any throne, not even that of the world; the moral energy of his will, which heeded not what pleased the many, but, obeying solely the inward impulse of divine inspiration, victoriously opened itself a path through all obstacles. Then came the universal nature of his mental culture, which made him feel at home in every sphere, and enabled him to penetrate deeply into any given subject, and choose that form in which to present it most in harmony with its nature. The same is true of his peculiarly artistic, I might almost say plastic, aptitude for production, guided by the great clearness of his intellect. He always knew what he wanted; when he had once grasped a subject he never rested until the form in which it was to be conveyed corresponded entirely to the idea after the latter had been matured into clearness, while his light and felicitous hand always imparted the talisman of grace. It is true that his style, especially in his more important works, was invariably serious, severe, and dignified, in accordance, in fact, with the models he had selected, but it was never wearisome by too great diffuseness. Whether Mendelssohn was treating an earnestly religious, or a romantic subject, an epic, or a dramatic one, he immediately introduced his hearer to the situation, put him in the right frame of mind, and, up to the conclusion, which was always satisfactory, held him in a state of pleasing mental tension. The leading idea was at once brought out with striking vigour, and was always an idea worth following, an idea by which the heart and the mind were powerfully affected and moved. Such is the case in *St. Paul*, with the magnificent chorus: "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," which affords a key to the character of the entire work; the same is true, in the *Lobgesang*, of the wonderful theme: "Alles was Odem hat, lobe den Herrn," which goes through the whole first movement, and then re-appears in the last, a powerful and impetuous strain; so, the same, too, holds good of the very first few bars of the overture to *Antigone*, which are thoroughly pervaded by the deep earnestness, the austere fire, peculiar to antique tragedy. With all these genuinely artistic qualities was combined, in a high degree, the most indispensable of all: a richness of fancy that continually suggested to him fresh pictures and fresh forms, and likewise assisted him in presenting to others even given subjects in an ideal and characteristic garb, in which they were easily recognised. The best proofs of this are his character-overtures, with their magnificent and eminently clear tone-painting, the effect of which is never frittered away by superfluity of detail. Thus, in the overture of *Die Hebriden*, we see the damp, heavy mist, and the weird, strange cloud-formations; we hear the simple song of the old bards; the dull roar of the battle, and the plaint of the maiden awaiting, in vain, upon the sea-shore, the return of her lover who has been struck down. And, in the tender wavy figure of the overture to *Melusine*, does not that beautiful and lightly-floating water-fairy arise bodily before us, and give herself lovingly up to

the gallant knight, until, with rude curiosity, he enquires her origin, and, to her deep grief, compels her to flee away? This tone-painting is almost even more characteristic and more vivid in the other two overtures of which we have already treated. No one but a person totally devoid of imagination can fail to recognise these pictures in the above tone-paintings, after the author has, by headings, put him on the right track. Finally, it is the deep and inmost life of the artist's own soul, the noble fire of passion, the charming melancholy, the thoughtful dreaminess, the light and graceful jocularity, manifested more especially in his smaller works, such as his Trios, Quartets, Sonatas and Songs, with and without words, which carry away the hearer, exciting in him the warmest interest, admiration, and ecstasy. In the *Songs without Words*, Mendelssohn has created a new branch of music, which it is not advisable for everyone to imitate. For him, however, it was a necessity to pour out and preserve, in an artistically complete form, the store of charming melodies which flitted through his soul, but for which he could not, at the moment, find words either by others or himself. The great number of the songs produced in this fashion are a speaking testimony of the rich world of tone which lived within him. He always required the words for his songs, properly so denominated, to be not merely appropriate, but really poetical and artistically perfect. But, when he had once found any to his taste, he was as great in the expression of imaginative agitation and passion as in that of charming natural life, and of the deep and intense feeling of a human heart, pious and loving, when moved by tender yearning or filled with gratitude and joy.

Our feeble work is now concluded. If our strength has not always equalled our wishes, thankfulness and affection at least have guided our hand. We lay down the graver, and, for the present, part from thy picture, but not from thee, dear Master, who now dwellest with the Just! Thy mortal part which belonged to the earth is given back to it, and thy immortal spirit has flown up Heavenwards to its true home. But let thy noble form still remain, with life-like features and transfigured by loving recollection among us, and let the spirit in thy works preserve us from ever falling under the dominion of what is empty and vain. Shine down upon our earthly art from the Heaven which is thy abode, a friendly, blessing-bringing star, just as on earth thou blesseddest us out of the cornucopia of thy rich gifts, and keep us faithful to thine own noble and pure aspirations, until, like thee, we have reached the goal.

THE END.

#### To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—You have had the kindness to state that I am convalescent, would you be good enough, referring your readers to this day's advertisement in the *Musical World*, to let them know I am perfectly restored to health, and have resumed my professional engagements.

I would at the same time feel particularly obliged if you would allow me a little of your valuable space in order to thank all my friends and pupils for the extreme kindness they have shown me in enquiring, and offering, and sending me the most unimaginable things, so that I really was inundated with cards, letters, and parcels, which I was obliged to keep on sending back, and for which I can only express deep and heartfelt thanks. I must say, as far as I have known "selfish and perfidious Albion," I defy any artist to go to any country and to meet with so true and sincere feeling, without phrases and verbosity—deeds, not words—as in England. And let me add one word as a warning to brother artists, and particularly foreign artists. If ever they should fall ill in England—and the thing is possible, for I have never been ill in my life before—let them take an English doctor. I was only brought down so low and got so exhausted merely because my ill luck blessed me with a French doctor, brought by a friend, whose fearful carelessness and avowed ignorance kept me without any efficacious remedy in fever and delirium, when for thirteen days all I had taken was two cups of tea. When, at last, my patience was gone, and I sent for an English doctor, he immediately and clearly recognised the cause of the illness, within four days got master of the evil, but the fever broke the sickness, and after a week I was, though very weak, saved from the illness. I don't wish to make a public mention of the name, but I am anxious to spare my fellow-artists similar detrimental disappointment.

Apologizing for having thus trespassed on your valuable space, I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

ENGEL.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday *Il Seraglio* was repeated, with every mark of success. On Thursday we had *Robert le Diable*, and on Friday a morning performance, comprising extracts from three different operas.

The first performance this season of *Robert le Diable* calls for very few words. The new Alice, Mdlle. Celestina Lavini, must not be judged by a single performance. She is French, not Italian, as may easily be found out; but she has studied in a good school, being a pupil, we understand, of M. Duprez. In the first scene, with Robert, Mdlle. Lavini was apparently too nervous to do herself justice, and "Va, dit elle" went for nothing. But in the great scene at the mouth of the cavern of demons, and at the foot of the cross, she had regained her self-possession, and obtained a good deal of applause in the air, "Quand j'ai quitté la Normandie," in the duet with Bertram, and in the unaccompanied trio with Bertram and Robert. Our present impression of Mdlle. Lavini, though undecided, is certainly favourable, and we shall look forward with interest to her progress. Signor Tasca has but a single qualification for the arduous part of Robert; but that is one of no little importance—a voice both powerful and of good quality. As a singer he is by no means perfect, while as an actor he is wholly inexperienced, which may account for a listless tameness that becomes uninvitingly monotonous as the opera goes on. But Signor Tasca is very young, and, we repeat, he has a voice which, if properly cared for, may eventually serve him to excellent purpose. Herr Rokitansky being indisposed, the long and difficult part of Bertram was undertaken, at a day's notice by that young, promising, and very useful artist, Signor Foli. To say that Signor Foli was the Bertram he himself would wish, and will doubtless strive earnestly to be, would be to render praise worthless when fairly earned; but not to award him the credit which is his due for having got through the part at all under the circumstances, and more particularly for having done much of it so well, would be just as unfair as the other would be untrue. The audience extended that indulgence to Signor Foli which he had a full right to claim, and the service he rendered by stepping forward at such a juncture ought not to be forgotten. The conspicuous attraction of the performance was the Princess of Mdlle. Ilma de Murka, who, by her execution of the florid *cavatina*, with chorus ("Idole de ma vie," in her first scene, and her earnest and most impassioned delivery of the well-known appeal to Robert's forbearance ("Robert, toi que j'aime," in her last, won each applause as was elicited by no other incident of the evening. We greatly preferred the latter to the former display; but the audience seemed to admire one quite as much as the other. This is, however, easy enough to explain. Mdlle. de Murka does nothing like any other singer; all she does is, therefore, more or less of a surprise; and a surprise, if a tolerably agreeable one, rarely fails to create an impression. The part of Raimbaut, intrusted to Signor Stagno, was reduced to insignificant proportions by the inevitable omission of his duet with Bertram. The great scene of the resuscitation of the nuns, for which Mr. Telbin when the opera was last given provided one of his happiest *tableaux*, was most effectively represented, the dancing—with Mdlle. Pancaldi as the arch temptress, Elena—being in every respect excellent. The orchestra was good, the chorus admirable throughout. The opera has been considerably curtailed—in some places, we cannot but think, indiscriminately.

The revival of Rossini's gorgeous *Semiramide*, with Mdlle. Titiens as the Babylonian Queen, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini as her Scythian General, last year one of the great attractions of the "after-season," is likely, to judge by the brilliant reception with which it met on Saturday night, from a crowded house, to prove just as attractive again. Everything was applauded, from the overture, so capitally played, to the end. On the whole the performance was superior to that of last year, inasmuch as the very significant character of Assur was now in the hands of Signor Gassier, who both acts the part and executes the music—some of the most florid Rossini has composed—better than any one since Tamburini. Thus all four of the great and almost interminable duets, "Se la vita" (Arsace and Assur), "Serbami ognor" (Semiramide and Arsace), "Bella imago" (Semiramide and Assur), and "Ebbene a te ferisci" (Semiramide and Arsace), were admirably given; the last, by Mdlle. Titiens and Madame Trebelli-Bettini, with a spirit, finish, and expression that, but for the by no means happy alterations in the melody of the last movement, a melody which cannot be improved—would have recalled, to amateurs of Rossini's *bond fide* Italian music, the "palmy days" of Grisi and Alboni, in their prime. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm evoked by this duet, the two accomplished artists resolutely declined the unanimous "encore" awarded to the middle movement—the beautiful *andante*, "Giorno d'orrore," which, fortunately (allowing for a cadenza), they sang precisely as it stands in the authorised text of Rossini. They were to be commended for their reticence, seeing that the performance, despite the many large curtailments, was one of uncommon duration for an Italian opera proper. But *Semiramide* is the longest Italian opera Rossini has

composed. Everything in it is long, overture, airs, duets, even to the magnificently unequal *finale* of the first act, a *finale* which (where the ghost of Nina appears) contains an episode that Mozart might have written, and a *coda* that—taking into account the situation and the words—Rossini ought not to have written. It is an opera, indeed, made up of "lengths." How Mdlle. Titiens sings "Bell'raggio," how Madame Trebelli-Bettini declaims "Eccomi alfine in Babilonia," and how she delivers her solo in the duet with Assur ("D'un tenero amore") and the pathetic slow movement of her last air ("In sì barbara sciagura,") we need not stop to say. Perhaps Madame Trebelli is the only French singer now before the public who has thoroughly mastered the Italian style. The part of Oroce, chief of the Magi, was allotted to Signor Foli, that of Idreno (the smallest of Rossini's tenor parts, and made still smaller by curtailment) to Signor Stagno—in both instances with the happiest results. There is plenty for the chorus to do in *Semiramide*, and we have rarely heard the festive hymn to Belus, the solemn chorus of allegiance to Semiramide in the *finale* (theme from the overture, in another key), &c., more effectively sung. Of Signor Arditi and his orchestra we have spoken.

Verdi's *Ernani* was revived on Monday, with Tietjens, Tasca, Gassier, and Santley in the principal parts (of this more anon). *Robert le Diable* was repeated on Wednesday, and *Semiramide* on Thursday.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Certain operas represented at this theatre prove (and no wonder) so attractive that Mr. Gye finds it to his interest to keep them constantly in the bills—a step in which he is, doubtless, justified. Among these are *Faust e Margherita*, *Don Giovanni*, the *Africaine*, the *Barbiere*, &c. *Faust* was announced "for the last time" on Monday week; but the house was so thronged in every part that to give it still once more "for the last time" became a matter of necessity; and so it was advertised again for the Monday following. We are not surprised at this, for interesting as is the drama, beautiful the music, and admirably as the principal characters are sustained, M. Gounod's most popular dramatic work is put upon the stage at Covent Garden in a manner that, it may fairly and ought in fairness to be stated, no other theatre, at home or abroad, could rival, much less surpass.

Meanwhile the grand lyric drama of Meyerbeer, *L'Etoile du Nord*—unparalleled, as presented at the Royal Italian Opera, for the splendour and completeness of its *mise-en-scène*—is acquiring a new vogue from the fact of its having been lucky enough to find in Mdlle. Adelina Patti a new Catherine, a Catherine second to none in a musical sense and in a dramatic sense without precedent. M. Faure, whose absence last year was a serious loss to the general effectiveness of the representation, once more gives us the most genuine "Peter" now to be had; while Madame Lemmens-Sherrington presents us with such a "singing" Prascovia as would have delighted the exacting Meyerbeer himself. Signor Naudin is the best Danilowitz since Gardoni (the best we have then); but of this, of the Gritzenko of Signor Ciampi, which would be still more acceptable if the part were reduced to its original proportions, before it was "written up" expressly for Lablache, and of the other subordinate characters, we have already spoken. On the whole this performance of *L'Etoile du Nord* is quite worthy of the Royal Italian Opera. Never did Mr. Costa more successfully labour to attain a striking and superb "ensemble."

*Faust e Margherita*, with Pauline Lucca, Mario, Faure, and Graziani, in their accustomed parts, was repeated on Monday, and *Norma*, with Maria Vilda and Lemmens-Sherrington, Naudin and Attri, on Tuesday. On Thursday *Crispino e la Comare*, comic opera by the brothers Ricci, was to have been performed for the first time, but *Fra Diavolo* was substituted; last night the *Huguenots* again drew a crowded house. Poor Mdlle. Desirée Artot, with all her talent, except on the night of her first appearance, in the worn-out *Traviata*, has had no chance; for though, on one occasion, owing to the indisposition of Mdlle. Patti, she showed her artistic readiness by acting as a worthy substitute for that great public favourite, and played and sang Rosina, *Il Barbiere*, to the genuine satisfaction of all present, it was of little service to her from the point of view of publicity. With the best wishes (and the heartiest admiration of the music) it is impossible to attend every performance of Rossini's comic masterpiece; and so Mdlle. Artot's legitimate success, about which there was but one opinion, passed unrecorded. Happily her Rosina had been already seen, admired, and its merits duly acknowledged.

To-night, *Crispino e la Comare*—for the first time.

MDLLE. DELPHINE LEBRUN, the young pianist whose performance of solos by Chopin and Stephen Heller at the concert of Miss Rose Hersee gave so much satisfaction, is a pupil of Madame Arabella Goddard.

## IL SERAGLIO.

The second performance of *Il Seraglio* was thoroughly enjoyed by such an audience of genuine amateurs as seldom fails to be attracted by an opera of Mozart's. Stingy and mean as was the Emperor Joseph II., the art of music is considerably in his debt. He at any rate provoked the man of genius to show what much better things could be done than by those who stood higher in Court favour, and were honoured and recompensed, while he, a victim of cabal and intrigue, on account of his known and dreaded superiority, was left neglected, in the shade. To Joseph II. we owe the German *Entführung aus dem Serail* (*Il Seraglio*), and, still more directly, the Italian *Figaro*; and these facts would atone for a multitude of sins. After the death of Gluck, and when *Don Giovanni* had been produced (not in Vienna but in Prague), the Emperor, at length, fully understanding the worth of the musician of whose services he might at the outset have exclusively disposed, appointed Mozart his chief "*Kammer-musikus*," at the splendid annual salary of 800 florins (!); but it was somewhat too late. The opera of *Così fan Tutte* was ordered, composed without delay, and produced in January, 1790. Joseph II., however, did not live to hear it; nor at his death had any provision been made for the newest and most illustrious of his civil servants—who, by the way, did not survive his Imperial master a couple of years.

The book of *Il Seraglio*, which was concocted out of a German *Lustspiel*, or comedy (with music) by one Bretzner, has been terribly abused, much more so than we think it deserves. Mozart found it good enough, and was even delighted with it. It afforded him that for which he always bargained—variety of character in the *dramatis personæ*. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he had not as large a hand in preparing the "*scenario*" as his associate, the Court-poet, Stephanie himself. And, after all, where is the harm of it? A young Spanish lady on her way to Sicily, to be married, is taken by a corsair, sold to a Pasha, and carried with her maid and the servant of her future spouse (her escort) to the harem. The Pasha falls in love with his captive, and would make her queen of his household, wooing her with amiable gallantry in spite of her declaration that she is devoted to another. Meanwhile the lover has found out where his Dulcinea is imprisoned, and contriving to obtain an interview with his own servant, who enjoys the Pasha's favour, they plan together the means of escape, with the lady and her companion, to a vessel lying off the coast to receive them. Their plot, however, is frustrated by a suspicious old steward, who, enamoured of the maid, is treated by her with contempt. The Pasha, informed of what has been going on, and at first exasperated, threatens the lovers with the torture, but ultimately relenting, grants them their liberty, to the mortification of his steward, who would have had master and man put to death, and detained lady and maid in the *seraglio*. *Voilà tout*. Here, at best, are the materials for a farce; but Mozart saw further, and infused such life into his music that every one of the six personages becomes a marked individuality. It is not, in fact, the piece that has prevented *Il Seraglio* from being heard as often and in as many places as other operas, too numerous to mention, and which can in no way be compared with it. The real cause lies elsewhere. When Mozart composed his opera there were certain singers in the theatre with voices of exceptional capability. There were a soprano, a tenor, and a bass able to execute almost anything that could be written, and to display whose talents in a prominent manner was absolutely imperative. Hence the two airs written for Constanze ("Ach ich liebe" and "Märtern aller Arien") with which only such modern sopranos as Mdle. Titiens can grapple; hence, the (to nine singers out of ten) almost impracticable airs for Osmin ("Solche herge-laufne Laffen" and "O! wie will ich triumphiren"), written both inconveniently high and inconveniently low; and hence the airs for Belmont, which lie for the most part too high for ordinary tenor voices. Nor is the music of Blonde by any means unexceptionably accommodating—witness her first air ("Durch Zärtlichkeit und Schmeicheln"), written in A, in one passage going up as high as E, a note higher than either of the airs of Constanze, but which Mdle. Sinico transposes to G. This transposition, indeed, as well as that of the first air, sung by Mdle. Titiens, is in the present time not merely

allowable, but advisable. And if Herr Rokitansky transposes his air so familiar in our concert-rooms as "Questi avventurieri infami," from F to E, it is by no means to show off to greater advantage the depth and quality of his bass tones, but because in many places the passages are written so high that it is questionable whether he could master them with half the same ease in the original key. Pedrillo has none of these difficulties to encounter; but on the other hand the music assigned to him is of material consequence; and if Signor Stagno would take the quaint romance in the last scene ("In un castello d'Aragona") with the *pizzicato* accompaniment, just half as quickly as he takes it now, he would produce twice the effect. Herr Rokitansky, on the fig tree (Act I), exposes himself to criticism in another way. The melody with which, heedless of the anxious importunities of Belmont, Osmin solaces his labour ("Qui trovo una bella amante")—as, quaint as the romance of Pedrillo, and in character something like our old English "Jolly Miller"—is marked "*tempo giusto*" in the score, which nowhere gives authority for those pseudo-sentimental slackenings of the time indulged in, to the detriment of the music, by this clever gentleman, whose Osmin, as a whole, both in a musical and dramatic sense, is extremely spirited and good.

But criticism apart—and there is but little to criticise in the performance of *Il Seraglio* at Her Majesty's Theatre—the opera is played with hearty good will by all engaged in it. Mdle. Titiens sings the heroic and the impassioned music of Constanze so nobly, Mdle. Sinico the tender and the lively music of Blonde so uniformly well; Herr Rokitansky gives the music of Osmin, which has more of the *vis comica* than that of any other character drawn by Mozart (Papageno excepted), with such vigour and fluency; Dr. Gunz throws so much warmth into the music of the amorous and perpetually sighing Belmont—love-music such as only Mozart has written; Signor Stagno is so generally (if not invariably) correct in the music of Pedrillo; the little that Selim, the by no means ill-natured Pasha, has to sing is so well sung by Signor Foli; all act together with such unmistakable unanimity; the concerted pieces are so satisfactory; the choruses of the Janissaries are delivered with such appropriate animation; and the orchestra, from the characteristically coloured overture to the end, performs its task with such efficiency, that we forgive the zealous conductor, Signor Arditi, for almost every curtailment he has made, saving alone the thirty-seven bars he has omitted from the last *finale*. This omission frustrates the design of the composer, who expressly intended the enchanting melody with which the *finale* opens to be uttered successively by Belmont, Constanze, Pedrillo, and Blonde, each time answered by the *refrain* (for the five principal characters) which so exquisitely rounds it off. We have little doubt that *Il Seraglio* will remain a stock piece in the repertory, and that between this and next season Mr. Telbin will have enriched it with one or two of those Oriental *tableaux* he so well knows how to paint. It is honourable to Mr. Mapleson to have revived such a work; and the more pains he bestows on giving it every chance of being appreciated, the more it will redound to his credit.

HOUSLOW.—A concert was given at the Town Hall, Houslow, by Miss Kate Gordon, the pianist, under patronage of the members for the county, Col. Thompson and the officers of the 14th King's Hussars, Colonel Whitmore, head of the Military Musical Academy, Kneller Hall, Colonel Murray, Whitton Park, which was most fashionably and militarily attended. Miss K. Gordon put forth a most attractive programme. She, herself, performed a *sonata* by Mendelssohn, with Mr. Otto Booth, Osborne and De Beriot's grand duo from *Guillaume Tell*, and Coenen's left hand solo on two national melodies, all applauded, and the last encored. Mr. Robert Beringer performed a solo from *Mirella* on the pianoforte, and Mr. Otto Booth Paganini's *Carnival de Venise* on the violin, which was encored. Miss Eleanor Wilkinson sang Randegger's air "To thee," and joined Madame Champion, Messrs. Alfred Hemming and Valentine Blake in the quartet from *Rigoletto*. Miss May Burney sang Balfe's "Cantineer;" and Madame Sutton, with Mr. Alfred Hemming, the duet from *La Traviata*, "Parigi O Cara." Mr. Hemming gave a very effective reading of Ascher's popular romance "Alice, where art thou?" receiving a loud encore; and Mr. Valentine Blake received the same compliment in the great bass aria from the *Magie Flute*, his deep tones telling with much effect. The concert was a perfect success.

B. B.



## MR. A. S. SULLIVAN'S CONCERT.

A very interesting concert was given on Wednesday night by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, whose programme, besides containing vocal and instrumental compositions by himself, was otherwise extraordinarily attractive. Mr. Santley sang pieces by Gounod and Sullivan, and sang as he always sings—in other words, superbly, receiving and accepting a loud and unanimous encore for the latter's quaint and charming "Mistress mine;" but the extraordinary attraction was not Mr. Santley. Mdlle. Mehlig played J. S. Bach's concerto in C minor, for two pianofortes, with that solid English pianist, Mr. Franklin Taylor, and the *Recollections of Ireland*, by Moscheles, as a solo; but although she played brilliantly, and though, at the end of her second performance there was a loud call for the venerable composer, who was known to be in the room, and who responded to the call with all the alacrity of years gone by, the extraordinary attraction was neither Mdlle. Mehlig nor Herr Moscheles. Nor was it Mr. Cummings and Miss Edith Wynne, who gave the lovely duet, "In such a night as this," from Mr. Sullivan's *Kenilworth*, and joined Mr. Santley in a trio. Nor was it even the new symphony in E of Mr. Sullivan, of the performances of which, at the Crystal Palace and St. James's Hall (by the Musical Society of London), we spoke at the time, and which, though hardly so well played as at the Crystal Palace, under Herr Manns, was admired more than ever, and found more than ever Mendelssohnian. The extraordinary attraction was neither more nor less than Madame Lind-Goldschmidt—"Jenny Lind." Not only is there magic still in that name, but there is magic still in that voice; and the occasions, few and far between, which the lovers of music have enjoyed of hearing this most accomplished artist—"greatest of singers in all styles," as Mendelssohn used to say of her—since she formally took leave of the public, are seized upon with avidity. Madame Lind-Goldschmidt sang four pieces on Wednesday night, and the audience, enchanted, would have listened with satisfaction to each of the four pieces twice. Madame Goldschmidt, however, received the tribute to her genius with the dignified affability of one who, knowing her own worth, is at the same time pleased at the recognition of it; but she was content to give each piece set down for her in the programme once—wherein she set an example which others might imitate with advantage. Her first songs were two by Mr. Sullivan—"Sweet day," a new setting of some verses "altered from George Herbert," and the Shakspeare song, "Orpheus with his lute made trees," which it has been several times our agreeable task to praise. Mr. Sullivan accompanied these himself on the pianoforte, and thus enjoyed a special opportunity of judging what effect could be made out of his music by the most perfect singing—perfect alike in expression and in vocalisation. But great as she was in Sullivan, Madame Goldschmidt was still greater in Handel. How she can sing the music of *Il Penseroso* in general, and the recitative and air, "Sweet bird," in particular, amateurs were made aware, not very long since, at St. James's Hall. Nothing more engaging, nothing more earnest, nothing more dramatic can be imagined. On Wednesday night, if possible, her delivery of this picturesque scene (in which the flute *obligato* part was admirably sustained by Mr. A. Wells, of the Crystal Palace orchestra) exhibited more poetical feeling and more consummate technical skill than when last we heard it. The shakes, in one or two instances, were prolonged almost out of measure, but then they were so faultless—so close, so "pearly," and so exquisitely rounded off—that to complain would have been hypocritical. Almost equal in interest to her "recital" of Handel's scene was Madame Goldschmidt's unaffected, and touchingly expressive reading of the "old English ditty" called "The Three Ravens"—of which the Russian poet, Puschkin, has published a translation in the form of an original. Such ballad-singing—so studiously simple and, at the same time, so finished, is rare; and the applause that followed was as hearty, spontaneous, and general as that awarded to the more marvellous execution of the great air from *Il Penseroso*.

The concert opened with Professor Sterndale Bennett's beautiful and always welcome overture, *Die Naiden*; the first part ended with an overture to a MS. opera (*The Sapphire Necklace*) by Mr. Sullivan; and the whole terminated with the "brisk dance" from his *Kenilworth*—all of which pieces were extremely well played by the very fine orchestra under the direction of the concert-giver.

Herr Otto Goldschmidt played a pianoforte-part, composed by himself, to the air from *Il Penseroso*.

## THE NEW CATHERINE.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti, if she had not already, in some dozen characters, shown herself a genius, would have done so emphatically in this her latest impersonation. Those who have seen the *Etoile du Nord* in Paris and elsewhere, have, with rare exceptions, found the first act—although musically, perhaps, the best, for the melodious inspiration is never arrested, from the opening chorus to the closing barcarole—dramatically somewhat tame, if not actually heavy. Mdlle. Patti's performance at the Royal Italian Opera has entirely dispelled this allusion. A more exquisitely refined piece of comedy, more replete with delicate touches, more true to nature, and at the same time more picturesque, has not been witnessed. It is a peculiarity of Mdlle. Patti's talent to endow whatever it may be called upon to illustrate with a distinct and engaging individuality. One would scarcely have believed, until convinced by her representation of the character, that Catherine in the first act of *L'Etoile du Nord*, could possibly have been brought out in such prominent, and, at the same time, such poetical relief. Her scenes with Peter are alike charming for their *naïveté* and forcible for their portrayal of a resolute intellectual will. She dominates her petulant lover like a lion in the outward guise of a lamb, administering her counsel with the gravely assumed authority of a Doctor of the Sorbonne. Peter is spell-bound and at the same time over-awed; and we can well understand how his ebullitions of rage are suddenly quelled, how he resolves no longer to yield to the impulses of passion, but to be wiser for her sake. Catherine subdues him with the same apparent ease with which she subdues the less sensitive Cossacks, upon whose wild untutored nature she exercises just as powerful a check as upon his own. The music of this act, so fluently and easily is it delivered, would seem as if it had been expressly intended by the composer for Mdlle. Patti. We cannot enter into details; but we may say that, from the first air, in which Catherine informs her brother, George, of her successful mission on his behalf, to the lovely prayer and the half sad half merry barcarole, the one sung from the bridge, the other from the boat, as, in the attire of a military conscript, the devoted heroine takes leave of her friends, her execution is perfect. The camp scene (Act II.) is just as good in another way. The new recruit is smart enough to turn the heads of all the *vivandières*, and to obtain her provisions not only gratis, but with a "Thank you" for the favour. The petulant behaviour with Corporal Gritzenko, and the despair at being unable to make the wine-subdued Peter understand whom it is he has condemned to be shot, are alike graphic, forcible, and impressive. Of the last act we need say nothing. Every opera-goer knows with what consummate art Mdlle. Patti can convey the semblance of a wandering intellect, and with what bright reality she can depict its return to the wonted equilibrium. Enough that her Catherine is a fresh and genuine success.

VIENNA.—The models sent to, and exhibited in, the Kunstverein, for the Schubert-Monument, have all proved failures, and it is a matter of doubt whether a successful plastic representation of Schubert be possible. Of a truth, Nature cannot have thought of its reproduction in marble when she formed Schubert's body, and the opinion of a Viennese art-critic, of the idealistic school, that Schubert ought never to be represented at full length, but only in bust, is not without reason. The face is bad enough, and Moritz von Schwind very happily compared it to that of a drunken hackney-coachman, but the short, thick-set frame is ten thousand times worse. The well-known cloak might, perhaps, be of some trifling use in getting over the difficulty. One of Schubert's old companions opposed it, however, on the ground that Schubert was a poor devil, and would not have been able to purchase a cloak. But this is not correct. Horschalka, the pianist and composer, now dead, who belonged to the circle of Schubert's friends, was in the habit of relating how Schubert used to go about in a cloak till spring was far advanced. It is not probable that Horschalka invented this. The cloak with which the sculptor, Herr Pilz, has enveloped his statue of Schubert, is, consequently, historical. It was the enchanted cloak on which Schubert flew away to the regions of tune, to bring back the most beautiful and touching strains.—Berlin Echo.





say, a valuable acquisition, when practice shall have given her confidence, softened down certain asperities, and supplied certain short-comings. Another fair aspirant for operatic honours was Mdle. Börner, who sustained the parts of Agatha, Elizabeth, and Bertha, in *Der Freischütz*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Le Prophète* respectively. Yet another was Mdle. Bähr, who appeared in the last named opera as Fides, and a remarkably cold and impassive Fides she made. And now, having mentioned some of the *débutantes*, I must inform you that two very popular ladies have left us. These are Madlle. Leontine Gericke and Madlle. Santer. Both ladies have, to adopt for the nonce the peculiar phraseology generally patronised by clowns, "been and gone, and done it." I mean: entered the state of holy matrimony. Madlle. Gericke has married a Berlin tradesman or merchant—render the word *Kaufmann* which way you choose—and retires altogether from the stage. She selected for her last performance the first act of *Les Huguenots*, the third act of the *Maçon*, and the third act of *Der Freischütz*. She was greatly applauded, and overwhelmed with bouquets in the course of the evening, and, after the fall of the curtain, the stage-manager, Herr Hein, presented her with a silver fruit-dish or salver, from the members of the company. The King, too, made her a present of a magnificent bracelet. Madlle. Santer does not leave the stage, but has accepted an engagement at the Royal Operahouse, Dresden. Her husband is a Herr Blume, formerly an officer in the army, but now a music-master. I fancy this is all my budget of news for the present anent the Royal Operahouse. Wait! I am wrong. I have forgotten to record the revival of *Preciosa*, which is still almost as popular as ever, both for the music and, strange to say, the book. It is the fashion to laugh at the latter; still, when well played, it never fails to draw. It was first produced in 1811, at Hamburg, as a spoken drama, and emphatically damned. Some considerable time elapsed after this event before Weber, at the suggestion of Count von Brühl, then Intendant of the Theatres Royal, Berlin, entertained the notion of writing music for it. When he first heard of it, he was engaged upon *Der Freischütz*. Twelve days after completing this, that is, on the 25th May, 1820, he began *Preciosa*. On the 15th June it was finished. It was first produced at Berlin on the 15th March, 1821, some months previous to *Der Freischütz*, and soon became a universal favourite. It has been admirably revived. The *mise-en-scène* is highly creditable to scene-painter, stage-manager, and every one else concerned, and the singing, with one or two trifling exceptions, worthy of a great national theatre.

Since the closing of the Royal Operahouse, Kroll's Theatre, I am told—for I have not been able to go there myself—has been doing very good business. I hear all sorts of favorable opinions about a Madlle. Hartmann, who has been singing the part of Amina in the well-worn, yet, to my mind, ever fresh *Sonnambula*.

As I have no more to tell you in the way of news, I may as well translate a letter, or rather extracts from a letter, written by Bellini to his uncle after the third representation of *Il Pirata*. The opera itself has long been forgotten by most opera-goers of the present day, but anything connected with the composer of *Norma* will, no doubt, interest your readers. The letter is contained in a small work by Filippo Cicconetti, and is entitled *Lettere inedite di Uomini illustri*. I have not the book myself, but translate from a German version.

"I am indescribably delighted at this immense success, for I never expected so fortunate a result. All these honourable distinctions shall spur me on to pursue my career with increased zeal—and to study with renewed vigour.—My friends here, too, are quite beside themselves with joy. They have confessed to me that they did not expect such great things of my opera, because they found me too modest, and because they went upon the principle that such a character was more suited to learned old gentlemen than for the proud youths who are now thoroughly convinced of its value.—I told them in reply that the

education which fell to my lot taught me the duties of a man before I had grown old, and that consequently, whatever may be the little merit I possess (*con quel poco che so*), I always despise aught like self-conceit, which I look upon as the child of mediocrity."

There is wisdom—there is truth—there is refreshing modesty in this last proposition. "Self-conceit the child of mediocrity" is a maxim that certain composers of the present day would do well to bear in mind more frequently than they do. But then what is to become of them? If you take away their self-conceit you deprive them of what little stock-in-trade they possess. How different is the principle laid down by Bellini and the course pursued by the composer of *Tannh*—but, no! "Comparisons are odorous," says Dogberry, and so says VALE.

MR. BATEMAN has come to England to make engagements for the opening of the new Concert Hall in New York, now being built by the eminent pianoforte manufacturers, Steinway and Sons, the Erards of America. The new hall is of very large dimensions, capable of containing between two and three thousand persons, and the entertainments are to be on a high scale of excellence. The brilliant success, both in an artistic and pecuniary sense, of the last concert speculation of Mr. Bateman, who was lucky enough to introduce our eminent countrywoman, Madame Parepa, to his admiring compatriots, was notorious; and as the occasion of his new venture, owing to the destruction by fire of the New York Academy of Music, which for a period makes operatic performances impossible, is singularly opportune, there is every reason to believe that its success will be at least as brilliant as his first. Madame Parepa, whose popularity on the other side of the Atlantic is continent-wide, will again be Mr. Bateman's *prima donna assoluta*.

MR. JARRETT, of Her Majesty's Theatre, went to Paris on Saturday night and returned on Tuesday morning. A gentleman in green spectacles and broad-brimmed hat, who sat next to him in the train to Dover, paced the deck of the steamer with him from Dover to Calais, again sat next to him in the train to Paris, dined at the nearest table to his at the Café du Carrefour Gaillon (when both took Pomard), had a stall immediately behind him at the Opera, ate ices in the same room with him at Tortoni's, sat next to him in the train to Calais, paced the deck of the steamer with him from Calais to Dover, again sat next to him in the train to London, and on arriving immediately took a "Hansom" and drove over Vauxhall Bridge, was supposed to be Mr. Augustas Sala.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the half-yearly meeting of the Philharmonic Society, held last Monday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms, the following gentlemen were elected directors for the ensuing season:—Messrs. G. F. Anderson, Joseph Calkin, Cusins, Ferrari, Lucas, McMurdie, and Wilson.

MR. JAMES LEA SUMMERS, the well-known pianist and composer, gave his annual evening concert on Wednesday, the 27th ult., at St. James's Hall, under most distinguished patronage. With a feeling most creditable to him, and with a heart that can feel for another suffering under one of the severest of all afflictions—the total loss of sight—Mr. Summers devoted the proceeds of the concert to the aid of the Association for the General Welfare of the Blind. A most attractive bill of fare was announced and carried through. The vocal strength consisted of Madame Parepa, Miss Edith Wynne (encored in Benedict's "Rock me to sleep"), Mdle. Enequist, and Madame Patey-Whytock. Mr. Sims Reeves was encored in "The Message;" Mr. J. G. Patey was encored in a "Message from the deep" and "In sheltered vale;" and Mr. Joseph Hemmings's choir gave sundry part-songs to perfection, including one written by Mr. J. L. Summers. The chief points of attraction in the concert were centred in the compositions of the *beneficiaire* and his pianoforte playing. In addition to some solo performances, Mr. Summers introduced his quartet which gained the prize awarded by the late Society of British Musicians, which was played in excellent style by Messrs. Carrodus, Watson, Zerbini, and W. Aylward. His new quintet, for two violins, viola, violoncello, and double bass, was a most praiseworthy performance, and the piece *per se* was greatly admired. The concert afforded much gratification. Signor Li Calsi officiated as accompanist and conductor. B. B.

THE MUSICAL PRODIGY, "BLIND TOM" (from America), will make his first appearance in this country at a private *soirée* at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening next, July 18. The admission will be by invitation only, issued by his agent Mr. A. Naimmo.

## ETCHINGS BY O. B.

## NO. I.

*Lucia di Lammermoor* may be looked upon by posterity (if posterity troubles itself about it) as a fair specimen of the sort of Italian opera popular throughout Europe in the middle of the 19th century. It was more admired during the 15 years previous to 1850 than it has been during the 15 years subsequent to that date; but it is an attractive work even now, and very few operas of a sentimental character are really superior to it. Tenors must be a more ungrateful set of men than I take them to be if they forget Donizetti and the eminent service he rendered them in writing such a part as Edgardo. If a tenor is worth anything he ought to prove it as Edgardo, "or ever after hold his peace." There is no reason why, if the power is in him, he should not distinguish himself in the popular duet which terminates the first act; but he is a lost tenor if he can make nothing of Edgardo's dramatic entry in the *finale* to the second, and above all of the celebrated "curse," which, though no great shakes as a malediction, if uttered in the genuine conminatory tone, is sure to produce its effect. But the last scene of all should be the tenor's crowning triumph; and if, according to the operatic legend on the subject, Donizetti wrote both words and music himself, the whole scene being an after-thought, then Donizetti deserves more than any other composer to be looked upon as the tenor's true friend. Since Duprez, for whom the part was written, scarcely a tenor but has tried what he could make of Edgardo's dying scene. Indeed, for many years afterwards, it was so much a matter of course for a new tenor to come out as Edgardo, that it is now considered blunderous to make a first appearance in a character in which all the best tenors had been seen and heard, and in which it was, consequently, impossible to introduce anything new, to avoid following in the wake of some predecessor. Nevertheless it is still one of the most effective tenor parts ever written; and considering its effectiveness, and owing to the fact that the music, like all Donizetti's music, is thoroughly singable, one of the least fatiguing. Edgardo comes on in every act; he has what is familiarly called "good business" all the time he is on the stage, and one scene (the last) entirely to himself. OTTO BEARD.

To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

## MR. SHAVER SILVER AT HOME.

SIR,—There is a "Scribe Theatre" in some Italian city; there is, or was, a "Beaumarchais Theatre" in Paris; and the Royal Italian Opera, if it were not already sufficiently well named (for the operas produced there are always sung in the Italian language), might be called the "Meyerbeer Theatre." Nowhere in Europe has Meyerbeer's music been so systematically cultivated as at the Royal Italian Opera, except perhaps at the Royal Opera of Berlin, where, as at our chief lyrical theatre, both his so-called "comic," and his justly-named "serious" works are performed. The Royal Italian Opera did not, to be sure, invent Meyerbeer nor the style in which Meyerbeer's great musical dramas are placed on the stage; but when in Paris his *Pardon de Ploermel* and *Etoile du Nord* are to be heard only at the Opéra-Comique, and his four grand operas only at the celebrated theatre which, until within the last few years, was known by the absurd designation of the "Academy," the repertoire of Covent Garden includes all his works—or at least all those recognized by him as legitimate productions, to the exclusion of his three or four bastard Italian works brought out before the *Robert the Devil* period.

The "Star of the North" may be a masterpiece, but it is certainly not Meyerbeer's masterpiece. It was formed out of materials already used in the construction of an opera called *The Camp of Silesia*, in which the chief historical character was not Peter the Great but Frederick the Great, and in which the flute-playing propensities of Mr. Carlyle's hero were turned to good account. It is very remarkable that in those heroic countries, Prussia and Russia, four sovereigns, whom their admiring subjects thought worthy of being styled the "great," were produced in the same half-century—the great Elector and Frederick the Great in the former and Peter the Great and Catherine the Great in the latter. This was certainly quick work, considering that in England we have had no "great" sovereign, or at least no sovereign formally

so-called, from the Norman Conquest to the present day. On the other hand, neither Frederick II., nor Peter I., in spite of their "greatness," have escaped the indignity of being presented to the public as operatic heroes—a fate they have had to share with innumerable muleteers, troubadours, brigands, and other persons of doubtful character. The Prussian censorship objected, it is true, to "the great Frederick" being made to figure on the stage as a flute-player; and the drunkenness of Peter was of course not thought a fit subject for stage presentation at St. Petersburg. And, by the way, it is not impossible that Meyerbeer, in dwelling so much on Frederick the Great's passion for the flute, and on Peter the Great's habits of intoxication, may have wished to bring kingship into contempt. It has been pointed out that in *Robert the Devil*, he attacks the conventual system by representing an orgie of resuscitated nuns; that in the *Huguenots* he exhibits religious intolerance, as shown in so striking a manner in the massacre of St. Bartholomew; that in *Le Prophète* he gives a picture of religious fanaticism and religious imposture; in short, that in his three greatest works he shows himself "the enemy of religion," as in two of his minor works (it may be maintained) he shows himself no respecter of monarchy.

The opera in which Peter the Great figures is full of originality and of a certain sort of character. The stage Peter is not either mentally, morally, or even physically—though there are plenty of his portraits extant—a whit like the Peter of history. The Catherine is still less like the historical Catherine, of whose vulgarity and immorality a striking account is given in Mr. Carlyle's *Frederic*. "Danilowitz," the pieman, may or may not be like the first of the Menschchikoffs for whom he stands, and whose name (but for a remonstrance from the old Prince) he would actually have borne. As for Gritzenko, one of the most important characters in the opera, he is so thoroughly, so outrageously Russian, that as a man he unites in himself some of the peculiarities of the inhabitants of every part of the Russian empire, while as a soldier he seems to belong to every corps in the Russian army. The termination "enko" proclaims his name to be Little Russian, and we are not astonished when we hear him described as a Cossack. But he is also called a "Calmuck," as if a Calmuck and a Cossack were one and the same thing. However, he is generally described as a Cossack, from which one would naturally take him for a cavalry soldier. This, however, cannot be, for he takes offence on hearing the Russian cavalry praised, and thereupon begins singing a song in honour of the Russian infantry—to which, as a Cossack, or even as a Calmuck, he naturally would not belong. Somehow or other too, in spite of his little Russian name, and of the designation of Cossack so frequently bestowed on him (in common with that of Calmuck), he wears the uniform of the Pavelovsky regiment of the Imperial Guard, whose helmets are conic sections. The regiment named in honour of Paul did not exist in the time of Peter; but the process of "robbing Peter to pay Paul" has so long been carried on that once in a way there can be no harm in reversing it. Moreover, if the conic-sectional helmets of the Pavelovsky regiment are introduced at all, each helmet should exhibit a bullet-hole; it being a tradition in this remarkable corps to get shot through the head, and, whatever may be done with the arms, never to abandon the helmets, which are transferred from the dead to the living, so that the soldier of to-day wears, or fancies he wears, the identical helmet worn by some soldier in the time of the Emperor Paul. It is a fact too, as everyone who has ever seen a soldier of the Pavelovsky regiment must be aware, that no man is admitted into it who has not a turn-up nose. But Signor Ciampi cannot make him a Cossack, a Calmuck, a cavalry soldier, and a soldier of the Imperial Guard, all at once.

M. Scribe has often been attacked for his ignorance or his wilful perversion of history—so often and so severely that at last, in his preface to *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, he replied to the charge, and, as regarded this particular piece, begged his critics not to accuse him of falsifying the story of the Sicilian Vespers, inasmuch as that story, however generally accepted, was fabulous. M. Scribe looked upon history as so much material for making operas, comedies, and vaudevilles out of; and he cut it, clipped it, and trimmed it until he had it in the shape that suited him. If he met with material of a promising kind he did not ask where it came from, any more than a tailor would ask at what mill and by what particular process an attractive piece of cloth had been manufactured. A personage, sup-

posed to be historical, was always historical enough for M. Scribe if he was characteristic; so was an incident if it was dramatic and picturesque. M. Scribe's libretto à la Russe is not more improbable or more incorrect in its details than many other of his librettos; and it has certainly given Meyerbeer the opportunity of writing some admirable dramatic music, including a rôle—that of Caterina—which, as it is now played by Mdle. Patti at the Royal Italian Opera, seems the most charming that he has ever created.

D. Peters, Esq.

SHAVER SILVER (M.P.)

#### TO D. PETERS, ESQ.

SIR,—In your last number an article signed "B. B." begins as follows:—"Two young pianists, one from Bath and one from Nice, the former a vocalist," &c., the latter a pianist, &c. What does "B. B." mean? Are there two sorts of pianists—vocalist-pianist and pianist-pianist? Or, is every pianist from Bath necessarily a vocalist? Will "B. B." explain? And if not, will Mdle. Angèle (from Bath) the vocalist-pianist, or Mdle. Peschel (from Nice) the pianist-pianist explain? In any or all cases I shall be obliged, Bismark having a bet with the king on the subject.—Yours humbly,

A. LONGEARS.

Schloss Fuchs, July 9th.

[It is well that the name of the Bismark chateau should be changed. It would be unbecoming of the schemer of the seven-days' war (to say nothing of his parasitic friend, Mr. Longears) to reside any longer at Schloss-Eel. For the rest let "B.B." or either pianist interpret.—A. SILENT.]

#### TO LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

SIR,—In your sketch of J. B. Booth, in the *Morning* \* of April 27th, you attribute to Edmund Kean a paltry vice, from which no man was ever so entirely free—viz., jealousy of a brother actor. Even on the occasion you mention, when Booth was announced to appear both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane on the same evening, Kean said to a friend since dead, "Jump into my carriage and fetch Booth. Tell him not to make a fool of himself, but to come and play with me." This certainly did not look like jealousy of Booth, and I think it due to the memory of the great actor, the secret of whose immense popularity with all ranks in the "profession" arose entirely from his freedom from those petty vices to which alone little minds are prone, but of which the "perfect soul" of Edmund Kean harboured not a particle.—I am, Sir,

FOREST HEDGES.

Madenham, Bucks, July 9th.

#### A HINT TO MR. MAPLESON.

SIR,—I venture to suggest that Mr. Mapleson should reproduce next season Rossini's *Tancredi*. Amenaide would give Mdle. Ilma de Murska full opportunity to exhibit her talents both as an actress and a singer. Signor Mongini (who is said to shine especially in Rossini's operas), would be all that could possibly be wished as Argirio. Mr. Santley, who is so great an artist that he can afford to appear in a part which is not the most prominent, would be no doubt the best Orbazzano on record, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini, if she only sang *Tancredi's* celebrated "Tu che accendi" as exquisitely as she did at Mr. Benedict's late concert, would alone ensure a great success for the opera.—Yours obediently,

E. C.

Bocking Dianery, Bramtree, Essex.—July 5th.

#### TO D. PETERS, ESQ.

SIR,—While every other place in the kingdom appears to be progressing, Oxford has been throwing a series of summersaults backwards, people looking on and wondering how it could be. Every other town has the opportunity of revelling in such amusements as it prefers, but we are a University town, and must not expect, while overshadowed by grave old collegiate buildings and authorities, to indulge in tastes which would be regarded as natural anywhere else, but extremely vicious here. But Cambridge is also a University town, and in every way situated as Oxford is, except that it is not tainted with Puritanical bigotry and intolerance. Cambridge has its permanent theatre, which the late Mr. E. Hooper, and Mrs. Hooper, have had the management of for eighteen years without licence being withheld or interfered with. So far is Cambridge in advance of Oxford that the

authorities permit the theatre to be opened even in Term with an opera company. If any one had the effrontery to make such a suggestion here, the Vice-Chancellor, the Mayor, and divers city magistrates would expire in a fit of apoplexy.

In Oxford we do not dare to entertain the notion of opening a theatre for a few weeks in Long Vacation. The dissenting magistrates, who are in the majority, considering that those who desire recreation should seek it in the *Pilgrim's Progress* or Watts' "Hymns," turn up their eyes like ducks in a thunderstorm at the bare hint of it, and wonder what in the world we could be thinking about. Thus a population of 30,000 is rode rough-shod over by four magistrates, setting themselves up as censors and dictating what amusements they prefer, and what everyone else must fall in with, like them or not.

I am glad to find that the exercise of a similar arbitrary power has been disputed in a town in the north, where a few Puritanical magistrates withheld a licence in existence nine years, but were obliged to succumb because, as it turned up, it was not within their power to refuse or annul a licence once granted, unless proved that the theatre was improperly conducted, in which case they could, by way of punishment, suspend licence for a short period.

I understand that Mrs. Hooper has appealed against the decision of magistrates on the grounds that as licence being refused without reason being assigned, she was deprived of what in the profession is considered her legitimate ground, and a reflection passed on her management, when the University and City authorities paid her the greatest compliment last year by conceding her an additional week.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

THOMAS PREASANT.

Oxford, July 9.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The second concert in what it has pleased the authorities to denominate "Easter Term" came off on Saturday afternoon last at the rooms of the institution in Tenterden Street. This concert, we are given to understand, is the last likely to be held at the antiquated mansion in Tenterden Street, the academy having found a new home in South Kensington. Mr. Lucas, I hear, is about to resign the conductorship of the institution, a post which he has held for many years with distinguished credit to himself and eminent advantage to the pupils.

The concert of Saturday last showed the pupils in strong force, not only as executants, but as composers. Mr. Thoulless, a pupil for the pianoforte of Herr Otto Goldschmidt, performed the first movement of a manuscript concerto of his own composition, and won credit both as creator and player. Mr. J. Jackson contributed a cantata (MS.), entitled *Arcades*, which, unfortunately, being given at the end of the concert, did not claim that attention necessary to the perfect understanding of its merits. A chorus, "My heart is fixed, O God," was supplied by Mr. R. Jackson; and part-songs by Messrs. Mountain and R. Jackson, Misses Williams and Kingston, most of which indicate undeniable promise. The finale to the first act of *The Regicide*—an opera written many years ago by Mr. Lucas, and of which a few pieces only had been performed in public—the solos by Miss Mathilde Bauermeister, K.S., Miss Emma Buer, W.S., Messrs. Wallace Wells, Doane, J. Jackson, and Hamilton, was well sung and much admired. Mr. Lucas is not merely a thorough musician, and his works are not merely masterly—taking this finale as an example—but they are interesting to boot, and are imbued with real classic taste and feeling. Miss Dowling, a pupil of Mr. W. Dorrell, played Moscheles' fantasia on "Au clair de la lune," and showed a nice talent, her execution being neat and clear, and her touch distinguished by its lightness and grace. The solo vocal performances were undertaken by Miss Severn, Miss Kellner, Miss Willis, Miss Meenan, Miss Knight, and Miss Horton. The last named lady had most applause in the cavatina of Rosina from the *Barbiere*.

At the end of the concert the prize-medals were distributed by the Countess of Wilton to the following pupils:—to the ladies, Miss Josephine Williams, the first prize (silver medal), to Miss Kingston, the second prize (bronze medal); to the gentlemen, Mr. Robert Jackson, first prize (silver medal), to Mr. Kemp, second prize (bronze medal). An address was delivered by Sir George Clerk in award of the above prizes.—PITT P. PILL.

PRINCE PAUL ESTERHAZY, who died not long since, was the last Esterhazy who kept a Private Band (*Hauskapelle*). Hummel was his *Kapellmeister*, and Haydn had been his father's. In this Prince died the last magnate of the times when Austrian noblemen were lovers, connoisseurs, and patrons of Art.

MDLE. LINAS MARTORELLI has been engaged by Mr. Alfred Mellon for his forthcoming series of concerts at the Royal Italian Opera House.



## NATIONAL MUSICAL EDUCATION.

The Musical Education Committee of the Society of Arts, which was appointed to consider the state of musical education in the United Kingdom, have agreed to their first report. They have obtained full information of the constitution, present state, and working of the Royal Academy of Music; and have obtained evidence on the National College of Music, the London Academy of Music, and the London Vocal Academy. They have received a report, also, on the military school of music, Kneller Hall. On the subject of Church music the committee have been in correspondence with the deans and chapters of the several cathedral churches; and through the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs reports have been obtained of the regulations of the several academies at Paris, Munich, Vienna, Prague, Leipsic, Milan, Naples, and Berlin. The Secretary of the Society of Arts was dispatched to Brussels and Liège, in order to report on the musical institutions there, and in respect of the Royal Academy of Music, Sir George Clerk, Bart., Chairman of the Committee of Management, and Mr. Lucas, principal of the Academy, have given evidence. The views of the musical profession have been stated by the following gentlemen, who have kindly responded to the invitation of the committee, and have either appeared personally before the committee or favoured them with written observations:—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Costa, M. Garcia, Mr. A. F. Godfrey, Mr. J. Hullah, Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. C. Lucas, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Mr. Ernst Pauer, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Mr. Turle, and Dr. Wylde. The committee also acknowledge valuable evidence and suggestions which they have received from Sir George Clerk, Messrs. Capes, Harry Chester, H. F. Chorley, Cole, C.B., P. Le Neve Foster, and B. St. John Joule. The committee have not considered it within their province to enter upon the subject of the various systems of teaching music. Their inquiries have rather been directed to ascertaining the principles and the nature of the administration by which the general musical education of the people of this country may be systematically conducted on a scale and with results at least equal to those of the academies which flourish on the continent. They first turned their attention to the Royal Academy of Music as being the institution best calculated to serve as the basis for any enlarged national institution for promoting musical education, and had the satisfaction of finding the utmost willingness on the part of the Royal Academy to adopt whatever course might be necessary to improve its organization and render it thoroughly efficient. The committee consider that adequate parliamentary funds, with ministerial responsibility for their expenditure, are essential to the establishment and maintenance of a national academy of music worthy of its object. A national academy should afford gratuitous education to a limited number of persons having great musical gifts, who, after proper training at the public expense, would engage to devote their talents to the service of the public as professors of the art of music, and the form in which parliamentary assistance could be best afforded, it is thought, would be by scholarships, which should be held by candidates who, in open competition, had proved that they are endowed with the gift of musical ability. Besides the training of free scholars the academy should also be open to the public at large on the payment of adequate fees. As soon as the institution shall have obtained public confidence, it is hoped that the cathedrals and various other corporations will provide the means of sending, from their respective localities to the academy, young persons of musical genius, and the committee recommend that the Society of Arts should itself set the example of such endowments by establishing a limited number of scholarships. The committee consider, however, that before Parliament can be asked to increase its present vote to the Royal Academy of Music, the academy should provide, through the voluntary aid of the public, permanent and suitable premises, possessing all requisite facilities for practice and study. It is suggested that application should be made for a site on the Kensington Gore estate. Probably three years must elapse before convenient and ample premises can be built even after the funds are obtained, and as, in the meantime, the academy is obliged to vacate its present premises in Tenterden-street, and is seeking to obtain temporary shelter elsewhere, the committee consider that every effort should be made in the meantime by the academy to enlarge its basis of action and to establish an effective system of responsible administration. This can be secured only by the appointment of a director, of proved administrative ability, entrusted with full authority. When the public are satisfied with the promise of an efficient academy, it may be expected that they will contribute towards the erection of suitable premises.

J. M. G.

## LA BELLE HELENE.

M. OFFENBACH, whose fecundity not only gives life to the Bouffés Parisiens, but affords alimant to larger theatres, is unfortunately placed in this country. In France, where he writes for a union opera company—that is to say, a company consisting of artists who are equally trained as actors and vocalists—he has acquired a sort of reputation as an operatic composer, and his fame is so far spread in England that the managers of our most varied places of amusement persist in giving his works. But, unluckily for M. Offenbach, a comic opera company, in the sense in which the word would be understood in Paris, is precisely what we have not in London. We have singers who cannot act, and we have comic actors who can sing quite well enough to meet the exigencies of burlesque, but we have no regular organized company of comic acting vocalists, with appropriate band and chorus. Now, a man who has no home is likely to get into queer lodging, and this is the case with M. Offenbach. The music hall proprietors, anxious to advance their very recently acquired reputation, pounce not only upon his works, but execute them without dramatic adjuncts as if they were funny oratorios, while the audience are devoutly wishing they would come to a close, and make room for some vocal nigger, or the artist who bewails the inconstancy of *Jemima Brown*. The theatrical managers, on the other hand, take them up more tardily, and considering that there is some sort of affinity between the operas of the Bouffés and the ordinary English burlesque, intrust them to their burlesque company, and get a burlesque writer to furnish them with dialogue. So treated, they answer their purpose to a certain extent, and *Blue Beard*, at the Olympic, and *Helen*, more recently brought out at the Adelphi, may be ranked among the successful novelties of the summer season. But they do not acquire for their composer any of the musical reputation which he must naturally covet, and it is not too much to say that the musical world of England, properly so called, ignores M. Offenbach as completely as it ignores the genius to whom the populace is indebted for the lay of “Polly Perkins.”

At the Adelphi Theatre, Mr. Burnand's version of *La Belle Hélène*, entitled *Helen*, or taken from the *Greek*, though I believe nearly all the music of the original is retained, has the appearance of a burlesque. Why, for instance, should the head of Agamemnon be made up as though he had attained the age of Nestor? Moreover, the scene in the first act, in which Paris expounds to the assembled Greeks a number of riddles, seems to have been copied from the *Turandotte* of the once famed Venetian dramatist Carlo Gozzi; while in a concerted piece in the second, all the personages express their indignation at the impolitic conduct of Menelaus in returning suddenly from an expedition to Crete, without first apprising his wife by letter. A burlesque, with popular tunes, would better have corresponded to the wishes of both artists and audience than this quasi-operatic entertainment. The story ends abruptly with the abduction of Helen by Paris; and although in the imagination of those who have studied the tale of Troy, retribution may follow sin after the fall of the curtain, the sight of an illicit lover triumphing over a despairing husband must strangely jar with the notions of moral justice entertained by the less erudite, whose numbers in a theatrical audience are never to be despised. The abduction, however, is effected in a solid vessel of extraordinary size and splendour. Nevertheless, Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney has also composed an English version of *La Belle Hélène*, and was first in the field.

JOXONHONOR.

ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.—A concert for the Royal Dramatic College will be given in the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Friday evening, July 20th, with the following artists:—Mesdames Grisi, Trebelli, Parepa, Poole, Edith Wynne, Emily Soldene, Laura Baxter, and Weiss; Messrs. Bettini, Lewis Thomas and Santley, with many others, vocal and instrumental. This concert has the advantage of being supported by a committee of ladies selected from the Musical and Dramatic profession, including the worthy names of Mesdames Grisi, Stirling, German Reed, and Poole, with Madame Weiss as secretary, who intend to organize it as an annual entertainment for the benefit of this excellent institution.

MIDLE. BETTELHEIM, the contralto of Her Majesty's Theatre, is about to be married to a rich banker at Vienna, whose intention it is, we understand, to pull her off the stage.

**MISS FLORENCE BRAYE'S MORNING CONCERT.**—The season has swarmed with candidates for pianistic honours. Among the youngest and most promising is Miss Florence Bray, who took upon herself, prematurely, to give a concert at Collards' Rooms, on Wednesday, under the immediate patronage of the countess of Jersey and Lady Jocelyn, which attracted a large and fashionable assemblage. Miss Florence Bray commenced the concert by playing, with Mr. Weist Hill of the Royal Italian Opera, the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven, which showed good taste as well as neat execution. She afterwards played Mendelssohn's *Andante e Rondo Capriccioso*; with Mr. Walter Bache Mozart's sonata in D, for two pianofortes; Liszt's fantasia on *Rigoletto*; and Hummel's *Andante*, Op. 18, and was very successful in all. Mr. Weist performed his violin solo, "Souvenir de Faust;" and Mdlle. Linas Martorelli sang one of her piquant Spanish boleros in a very piquant style, and was encored. Miss Rose Hersee was unable to appear, from an attack of bronchitis, but from which I am glad to hear she is now quite recovered, and will sing this evening at the Grand Inauguration Concert in the new Hall-by-the-Sea at Margate. Miss Julie Derby, who made so successful a debut some time since at the Sacred Harmonic Society, gave a song by Vincent Wallace and another by Mr. Hullah, in which she received well merited applause. M. Gustav Garcia sang "The hunter," and "Non piu andrai," spiritedly, whilst Mr. Herbert Bond in "Salve dimora," from *Faust*, with violin obligato played by Mr. Hill and a new song by Mr. G. B. Allen, created quite a sensation. Messrs. G. B. Allen, F. Kingsbury, Hargitt, and Leh-meyer were the accompanists. B. B.

**LEEDS TOWN HALL POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The new series was brought to a close on Saturday evening last by an excellent concert (the eighth) in every way worthy of its predecessors. Miss Beverley and Mr. Bell have established themselves as favourites at these concerts. The former gave a spirited rendering of "The minstrel boy," which was warmly encored, and she responded by singing "Her heart was in the song," in a manner even more effective. Mr. Bell's fine voice showed to great advantage both in his song of "The Wolf," and in the duet with Miss Beverley. He must study carefully and patiently, and may expect to take a high rank in his profession. Miss Grayston, a pupil of Mrs. Wood, made her *début* at this concert. She possesses a pleasing voice, and acquitted herself with great credit, and from the promise of her first appearance, will doubtless prove an acquisition to the concert-room. We must congratulate the Town Council on having at last hit upon what seems to us the best scheme for providing a cheap and popular entertainment, and, at the same time, fostering a taste for really first-class music; and our thanks are due to them and to the borough organist (Dr. Spark) for the efficient manner in which it has been carried out. The purely organ concerts, on Tuesday afternoons, afford strangers an opportunity of hearing the splendid instrument of which we are so justly proud, and are of the greatest value in educating both ear and mind to the appreciation of the highest class of music. The evening concerts have been attended by upwards of 6000 people. —*Yorkshire Post*, July 9th.

**SIGNORS PEZZE AND TRAVENTI** gave a morning concert together on Monday last at the house of the Marchioness of Downshire, which attracted a large and brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion. The programme was for the most part vocal, a duet for pianoforte and violoncello, two solos for violoncello and one for pianoforte alone striving in vain to break the overwhelming phalanx of the vocal pieces. The singers were Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Trebelli, Madame Demeric-Lablache, Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Mela (the so-called "female tenor"), Madame Parepa, Mdlle. Linas Martorelli, Signors Bettini, Ciabatta and Ferranti. Signor Traventi, of course, contributed sundry vocal pieces, among which it is enough to name two melodies—"Te solo" and "Vieni"—written expressly for Madame Parepa and sung in her best manner by that popular songstress. Both songs are *amiables*, but I prefer much the former, which I proclaim a gem. Another melody, "Pauvres fleurs," sung by Madame Demeric-Lablache, for whom it also was expressly composed, pleased infinitely; as did also the bolero "Alla Spagnola," given by Mdlle. Linas Martorelli, and song, "If thou wilt remember," sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, both being written expressly for the singers. To conclude, Signor Ferranti sang the Tarantella composed by Signor Traventi with such verve and comic humour as to secure the only *bis* of the performance. Madame Trebelli sang Campana's "Non posso vivere" with great charm of voice and style, and joined her *caro sposo* in Lucanotti's duet "Il Convegno," which was given to perfection; Mdlle. Liebhart introduced Mr. G. B. Allen's new ballad "The Stream," and Signor Traventi's *preghiera* "Torna" (of course composed expressly for her), both of which she gave with great effect. B. B.

**MR. AND MRS. H. J. ST. LEGER.**—One of those brilliant *réunions musicales* for which Mr. and Mrs. H. J. St. Leger are celebrated came off at the residence of Mrs. Grey Byrne on Wednesday evening the 11th inst., at Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park. The *réunion* was remarkable, not only for its selection of music but for its conviviality and the profuse liberality extended by the most charming hostess.

The pieces which appeared to please most of all the performance were Signor Traventi's "Bolero alla Spagnola," sung by Mdlle. Linas Martorelli, and accompanied by the composer, which was applauded to the echo; Mr. G. A. Macfarren's song, "The beating of my own heart," given by Mrs. Scott (*née* Mahlah Homer), and the *aria* from *I Puritani*, "Qui la voce," by the same lady, both being greatly and justly admired. Mrs. Scott's beautiful voice was the theme of universal admiration. Miss Berry Greening, too, is entitled to no reserved praise for her interpretation of Haydn's "Mermaid Song" and Mrs. St. Leger's "Lover's walk." The Spanish duet sung by Les Demoiselles Martorelli created quite a furor, and Mrs. St. Leger's singing of Mallandane's "She told me when we met at eve" and of her own pretty ballad, "The tribute of a tear," were among the eminent successes of the concert. Several amateurs contributed to the evening's amusement, and many convivial songs were volunteered during supper by Mr. Poole (brother of Miss Fanny Poole), and Mr. St. Leger, including "More cider," "The Mocking Bird," and "A hunting we will go." Several speeches of wirthful proclivities were made during refection, and the evening's, or rather morning's, entertainments concluded with "God save the Queen," the solo verses being sung by Mrs. Scott, Mdlle. Linas Martorelli, and Miss Berry Greening. *Vivat Regina*. P. M.

**MR. DEACON'S MORNING CONCERT** took place on the 14th ult., at the Hanover Square Rooms. To amateurs of real music Mr. Deacon's annual concert is most welcome, as the programme, more particularly in the instrumental department, is sure to be of unvarying excellence. Thus the selection in the last concert comprised Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, Op. 49, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, Mr. Deacon at the piano in both, and M. Sainton and Signor Pezze assisting him in the glorious trio. Mr. Deacon, though a master of all styles, has a strong predilection for the classical, and has made the works of the best writers his more especial studies. He played the so-called "Moonlight" sonata with fine natural expression and a mechanism that could hardly be surpassed. The minor pieces on which Mr. Deacon exercised his fingers were a selection from Ernst and Heller's "Pensées fugitives," for pianoforte and violin, played with M. Sainton; a *fantasia dramatique*, on *Rigoletto*, of his own composition, for pianoforte solos; and bagatelles by Heller and Prudent. M. Sainton played for his solo his own fantasia on *Faust*; and Signor Pezze, for his solo, his own *romanza*, "La preghiera della mattina"—both first-rate performances. The singers were Madame Parepa, Mdlle. Enequist, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Signor Neri-Baraldi, and Mr. J. G. Patey, of whom Madame Sainton introduced a new song, "The ferry-boat," composed by Mr. Deacon, singer and song gaining unqualified approbation; and Madame Parepa lent her voice to a new song, composed expressly for her by Herr Blumenthal, called "Why was I looking out?" The conductors were Messrs. Benedict and Emile Berger.

Miss Edwards gave a *Matinée d'invitation* on the 4th inst., when an operetta, *The Rose of Salency*, was the *pièce de résistance* of the programme. The principal characters were undertaken by pupils of Miss Edwards, who all acquitted themselves satisfactorily. In the course of the evening Mons. Mottes and Mr. Renwick sang some favourite songs, and Mr. Emile Berger played his new pianoforte fantasia on Scotch airs. The operetta was repeated on the following evening. On both occasions Miss Edwards's rooms were crowded with rank and fashion. W.

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